### THE ESCAPE OF THE HOBO. CHARLEY HORSE'S POISON CASE IN

THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. Casual Death of the Pedler-The Dosed Dog and the Mountaineers' Lyoching Bee-Last Sight of Certinsure Joe -Charley Horse Joins the Hobo Club.

It was a dull evening in the Hobo Club. The money market was tight and the Oldest Living was drinking by himself, nobody else having the price. Nankeen Harry was throwing his whole soul into an effort to extract smoke from cross-draught eigar stump which he had culled from some ash heap or gutter end and was having a bad time of it. Pegdot Sands was swearvenomously because he had got a splinter in his hand from rubbing his leg against the grain and his ill humor was in no manner lessened by his profanely confessed fault in the matter of having pawned his good hickory limb and purchased a cheap pine one, investthe difference in alcoholic pickle for his liver. Hamlet Rines was writing a play upon some odds and ends of wrapping paper, a ver-Itable drama of trampdom which he expected sell to a Bowery manager. Haif a dozen other members sprawled around on the benches dozing. In one corner an indiscriminate mess of rags gave evidence of concealing a human rsonality by the loud and regular snores exuding therefrom. From time to time Hand-out Bill, the bartender, stuck his head in from the saloon and harshly expressed his views upon the subject of hoboes who would sit all the evening and buy nothing. This didn't disturb one, as each member had purchased at least one drink, and by the club constitution that purchase inhibited Handout Bill from handing m out into the darkness of Parkistreet.

In one of the hills following the remarks of the bartender a curious noise was heard from street without. Shuffle-tap-bump, shuffletap-bump, shuffle-tap-bump, it sounded, and stopped at the side door which leads from the street direct into the club room. The Oldest Living, who knows more about the hobo community than any other man in the guild, cocked an attentive ear and muttered something under his breath. There was a knock. The bundle of rags in the corner stirred and a scared face was thrust forth. A half-whispering vhice came

"Cops?" it said. Then the face dropped egain and the voice added in abashed tones, "Fergot where I was at; bad dreams." The knock at the door was repeated. The

Oldest Living lifted up his voice.

"Come in, Charley Horse. Welcome to the

Mub-if you've got the price." The door opened and a gust of night wind blew in the oddest figure that one might see. even in that resort of flotsam and jetsom. from one year's end to the other. The newcomer walked with a sort of double-shuffle, ending in a tap of the toe and a thump of the heel. Despite a face of weasel thinness he was broadhouldered and deep-chested, and his arms. which were enormous, hung almost to his knees. About his whole personality as he swung across the floor there was a certain appearance of agility, mental and physical, tempered in the latter respect by the infirmity that had given him his nickname. He was dressed in a collection of sartorial curios, all in fair condition, but cross-matched from shoes to shirt studs. Seating himself on a bench

he looked around him.
"I stopped at the old barn at Amboy." he said. "and they told me there that the boes had organized up in this direction, so I thought I'd drop in. How goes it. Oldest? How-dee-dee. Nank. Still on the pad. Hamlet? thought you'd be supporting Living by this tme, but I see you haven't learned to supyourself. Hello, Pegdot. I'll swap my left trotter for your walking-beam. Must

a three years since I saw any of you 'boes." Tes. an' now you'll put up." said Pegdot, ever on the lookout for the main chance, which

"That's right," said the Oldest Living in answer to Charley Horse's look of inquiry "It's drinks 'round for entrance fee. I'm chairman of the Membership Committee. Can

you stand the racket?"

"Eleven of you, but his rags over in the corner is asleep," said the newcomer. "I can stand 56 cents. No occasion for waking him up. Let him pound his ear in peace."

Handout Bill came in to welcome the new

There in a year to the receiver of the control of t

went to his grave from drink, with a bunch of rainbow colored vampires and google-eyed ghouls hot on his trail. So Certinaure in sisted on fixing things for the corpse, and suggested that if no objections were made we could use the wagon and stock in our business to help us New York-ward after we had got the deceased safely held down by a stone. "We'll clear out a place for him in the back of the wagon,' says he, nodding at the remains, and drive on till we hit a town that's got enterprise enough to have a graveyard of its own. I don't wan't any haunts driving me to the bottle, he says. "There's always been trouble enough for me in booze without any extry trimmings from Ghostville."

All the members by this time had gathered around Charley Horse except the sonnolent hobo in the corner, whose deep base notes were rattling the glasses on the table. Pegdot Sands kicked him in the ribs and raised his scale two octaves, and the tale continued amid interrupted wheezes in the tenor register.

"We overhauled the wagon," continued the harrator, "and found it was full of all kinds of staff, but mainly patent medicines in bottles. went to his grave from drink, with a bunch of

scale two octaves, and the tale continued amid interrupted wheezes in the tenor register.

"We overhauled the waxon," continued the narrator, "and found it was full of all kinds of stiff, but mainly patent medicines in bottles. There was a lot of Wilson's Cholera Cure in new bottles, but the rest of the stock was pretty seedy and I guessed the late iamented must have had a private system of his own for I tackled some stuff labelled 'Soothing Syrup' and it was jam-full of animonia. It came pretty nigh soothing me for keeps, but Certinsure threw some of the Wilson into me and I recovered. Any 'bo here ever tackle Wilson's Cholera Cure? It's great med for the cholera, they say, but I'd rather have the cholera. I never saw 'em make the stuff, but if it ain't three parts extract of sulphur match and the other part hell-fire then I'm an honest laboring man. However, we sized up the outfit and decided that we'd better do our main trading in Wilson for fear that, with the mix-up on the other bottles, we'd be giving carbolic acid for cough-syrup or rock and rye for jag-cure.

"First thing to do was to arrange for the late bottles and covered him with the blanket because, as Certinsure said, he wouldn't be a good advertisement for our business. The first five or ten miles Certinsure put in rehearsing a patter he made up about the virtues of his medicine. He'd just got so he could do it easy when we met a man on a horse followed by a sickly looking yellow dog. He pulled up and greeted its.

"Got any critters to trade?"
"Nothing but the nag we're driving, says Certinsure. If you're alin' any, though, we can fix you up with medicine.

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"Nothing but the nag we're driving, says certinsure of himself from the horse.

"Certinsure. If you're alin' any, though, we can fix you up with medicine.

"Yo-all's just the foks I'm a-honin' fer, says the native, letting down about six-foot-three of himself from the horse.

"Certinsure. Says my pal. Prescribe for him and dose him ali for half a dollar, two charge

"Certinsure looked the dog over and told the native to hold the beast's mouth open. Then he poured in about two tablespoonfuls of Wilson, and you ought to have seen that yellow purp. First off he looked kind of surprised and anxious. Then his eyes began to buige and he stood up on his hind legs and tried to shove his paws down his throat. Certinsure climbed into the wagon in a hurry. I took the tip and went after him, to be out of reach. The native says

"Lay down, Seno. What's the matter with yo?"

The native says.

"Lay down, Seno. What's the matter with yo?" Seno didn' lay down. He stood on his head for a minute and then he began to turn flipflaps, letting out a yow! for every flip and he whirled so fast that he looked like a yellow pinwheel on the Fourth of July. Pretty quick the native fetched him a kick that landed him in the ditch, but he climbed out and came back at his owner and got a big patch of pants to get even, and skited down the road veiling 'Hell's a-fire!' at every lope. Down in that country when a man's dog bites another man the other man kills the dog and then the first man kills the other man and first you know there's a feud on and all the judges in the county are running for cover to keep from having to hold court. But this was a case of a man's dog biting the man himself and the native didn't know what to do for a minute. Soon as he got kind of collected he turned on us.

"Yo' all pizened my pup, he says. 'I'll fix yo.' What yo' all got in that they-ah cyart'. Mo' pizens, I expect.'

"Round he went to the back of the cart, grabbed the cloth, yanked it clear and stood there stiffened, with the dead pedler facing up at him. I got down onto the ground again for I saw there was going to be trouble. It didn't take the native long to get his wind.

"Yo' all pizened him, he cried; yo'd have pizened me if my pup hadn't took the dose. I'll stop yo' tricks."

"His hand was in his pocket and he whipped out a knife. I got his wirst. You know what

have pizened me if my pup hadn't took the dose. I'll stop yo' tricks".

"His hand was in his pocket and he whipped out a knife. I got his wrist. You know what I can do with these Oldest."

Charley Horse held out a hand, the fingers of which were like steel clamps. The Oldest Living nodded and said, to the circle.

"I've seen him crumple up a horseshoe."
"I had a grip on the chap's wrist," continued Charley Horse. "He was strong and he fought, but I feit the bone crack and the knife feit. He groaned out that it served him right for not carrying a guin. Certinsure and I left him and licked that horse until he nearly busted a blood vessel. It was a rough funeral ride for the dead man, but we had stopped worry-

you'll be trying to con me into believing that the pedier ain't dead next."

"Certinsure. Pedier's still doin' his route, but the skate is dead. That 2:30 gait we got out of him did him up."

"Boes, "said Charley Horse solemnly, "either I'm a bug and ought to be up against the dotty house or oid Certinsure's a ghost. Tell me about it before I connect with this next drink or I'll die of grossed wires."

"Certinsure," said Joe affably. "Easy game. After you'd hit the brush the gang nailed me, I gave 'em a game of law'n order. Didn't go, I was invited to be the mounter at a iynchin bee. "What fer? I says." Pizenin' an unknown, says they. "Pizenin' yer grandmother,' says it. 'An 'Pankey Hobbs' dog,' says they. 'He's a well dog this minute, says I, puttin up the best bluft I could." Do you want to be hung on a oak tree or a beech tree? says they. 'If you give me my ch'ce, 'says I, I'll take a currant bush.

"There wasn't no softenin' their hard hearts. They took me back to Hobbs's and there we met the yaller purp. That was one p'int fer me an' I argued it. But that didn't let me out on the pedier. They was goin' to lynch me on suspicion anyway. All the Hobbs family joined the push an' we went on to what they called the village. It wasn't no great shakes of a town. Two shanties, a store, an' a moonshine j'int smokin' out of a sude hill. There was a heap of men there with guns an' everybody was havin' a good time except me.

"They'd fed me on most of a quart of booze to keep my feelin's up. I was just about finishing the bottle when there was a noise in the back of the cart. The corpse set up an' ast where he was. 'Ain't you dead'? I says. 'No, says he. I had a fit. 'Mighty close fit fer me, I says.' Gents,' I says to the crowd' the corpse and tead. Not guilty, gents, as I told you before, I says.

"There was a shame to get a lot of folks together and disappoint 'em. Pankey Hobbs wanted my life 'count of his hand bein 'smashed up by my pal. I told him you wasn't no pal of mine an' that you held me up an' swiped ail my

And now, renow nonoes of the cuts, say the Oldest Living. I move that Charles Horse, having been freed from the charge of murder be elected a full member of this organization. All those in favor will signify by drinking."

It was carried unanimously.

# After Hearing About Ice He Sets at Work

"It's getting verser," said the Sinker Man as "What's getting worser?" asked Reilly.

"Der ice question," replied Sinkers. lay avake in bed dreaming of which is to be. I don't supposition dot der Grand Jury vill do der Mayor someting for putting ice in der City

"He didn't put no ice in th' ('ity Hall," an-

"He didn't put no ice in th' City Hall." answered Reilly. "The ice trust did it."

"Vhat is it for a ice trust?" "What!" explained Reilly. "the ice trust is a body av refrigerators who bought up all the ice farms in Iceland and sold off shares at sivinty-siven dollars a cake. They played a big game for high stakes.

"Pinochie?"

"No." said Reilly. "freeze out. The ice men got the ice and gave th' customers th' frozen end av it. Last week whin me wife got her ice bill she took a chill and gave me the cold shoulder. Then she took Mary Ellen's diamonds out of th' safe and put them in the ice box, and put the ice in the safe, for there's no telling when burglars might drop in."

"Yesterday night my vife paid two dollar for one little ice share," said the Sinker Man mournfully. "Mebbe, she says, before der summer comes out ve vill had to burn oil in der gas stove."

"That word be terrible," remarked Reilly.

stove. "That wud be terrible," remarked Reilly. "Yes," continued Sinkers, "und soap vant up two cent a cake on the grocery, "cause he can't no more afford der big ice bills. Coal twenty cents vent up mit der bushel und vinegar more

besides.

"Sure they don't kape coal on ice," said Reilly.

"Don't lay it all to the Trust. I remember one very hot morning when I was a sailorman, it was so hot that the iron plates on the ship's side melted and ran red hot into the sea. Well, that morning we went fishing for icebergs and caught a berg that had floated down from Greenland. When we hauled it aboard our whip we noticed some carrying on the side of it.

that morning we went using for iceber's and caught a berg that had floated down from Greenland. When we hauled it aboard our ship we noticed some carving on the side of it, in letters as big as a house and—"Please. Reilly, you get me dizzy," interrupted Sinkers. "Do der lee mans fish iceber's too?"

"No," said Reilly. "They cut it in th' small lakes near th' Hudson River whin snowballs are ripe. I've seen cakes up there tin thousand feet square."

"How do they get dot size in der ice cart wagon?" asked Sinkers.

"Why," said Reilly. "they have to build the wagon around the cake. Well, these ice trusters save the ice till th' summer and thin sell it off in small pieces. This year they'll get stuck, for the people wont buy all avit."

"Mebbe dey can sell it mit skating rinks." said Sinkers. "Vhen somebody vould start a ice farm down in Cuba he vould much money make. Vhat?"

"No." said Reilly. "it wudn't pay. I heerd av a man who started a snowball farm down in Cuba, but he was overcome by the heat and died before harvest time."

"Vhy not ship ice by telegraph from leeland?" suggested Sinkers. "Den you could sell a big share for ten cents.

"Thot 'ud never do," said Reilly. "Th' telegraph wires wnd be blocked continually wid iccles."

"How shamefulness," remarked Sinkers. "Den ve must lee buy on trust. Vhat?"

"No." said Reilly. 'ice trust don't mane trust ice. A trust is a combination av men that corner th' market. For instance, if you and I agree to drink all the whiskey in Red Jerry's, we form a whiskey trust. Are ye listening?"

"Sure." said Sinkers. "Vell put it on der slate."

And the new syndicate went into Red Jerry's and absorbed a large block of stock that wasn't watered.

## The Former Pine Tree State Expects to Pass

BANGOR, Me. June 16.—The name of the Pine Tree State long ago ceased to be an appropriate designation for Maine, for it is nearly forty years since the pine has played any considerable part pine has played any considerable part in the State's commerce or industry, spruce having taken its place. And now it is no longer true to say that the sawing of loss into lumber is Maine's greatest industry, for that, also, is a past glory, and Maine is to-day the pulp and paper State. New York stands first in the production of pulp and paper at this time, but in 1901. Maine, now second in the list, will become the first State in the Union in the extent and value of its pulp and paper industries.

Last winter about \$50,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the woods of Maine, and of this vast quantity the pulp mills will consume at least one-half, dividing the crop about eventy with the sawmills. Next year the pulp mills will require 350,000 000 feet of logs, so that if the sawmills are to continue the present output the log crop must be more than 600,000,000 feet. The ever-increasing domain for logs to supply pulp mils has caused algran lest the forests of the State may be destroyed, but Anstin Cary, the leading expert in forestry, says that there is standing in the State to-day not less than 25,000,000,000 feet of spruce, and that the annual growth is equal to 800,000,000 feet, or just enough to off-set the estimated consumption, allowing 350,000,000 feet for lumber.

There are now in operation in Maine mills producing 1.835 tons of pulp and paper daily, the output of white newspaper being about 475 tons. This paper capacity will be increased text year by the completion of plants now in process of construction to about 600 tons daily, while the aggregate production of pulp and paper combined will be increased to 2,500 tons. This will make Maine first in the Industry, New York second, with Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio following in the order named.

Including the mills now in process of erection, there is invested in the pulp and paper industry in Maine about \$30,000,000. Six thousand hands are now employed, with a payroll for labor (salaries of officers not included) of about \$2,500,000. Next yea in the State's commerce or industry, spruce having taken its place. And now it is no longer

WHENTOBETANDWHENNOT

ONE PROBLEM IN POKER THAT
OUTRANKS ALL OTHERS.

Advantage of the Last Say, Which May Be
Shifted by a Raise at Any Time—Analysis
of the Way Two Pots Were Contested
—Good and Bad Play in the Great Games.

All problems in poker—and their name is
legion—are finally resolved into the one crucial
question, "Shall we bet or lay down?" It
must always be remembered that up to the
moment of the call or the surrender which
decides the ownership of the pot each feature
of the play is in anticipation of some further
development Whatever is done before the
draw is done tentatively. The player either
has enough in his hand to justify the risk of
his chips or he believes that he has a chance of
bettering his hand and that this chance is good
benough, considering the amount in the pot, to
justify a bet at the percentage offered. And
after the draw no bettor, excepting the player

That

They credited him, seeing that he had drawn
two cards. F having now a full, raised him
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two cards. F having now a full, raised him
the limit, whereupon A passed out. Aces up
had no place in a struggle against three of a
kind in one hand and and apair that had evidently
F to play against he would have called, for
F would have bet even if he had only made
a second pair, but the fact of F having raised
E, who only drew two cards, was evidence that
he had at least three big ones. Therefore
Spily was correct.

It remained for E to decide whether to call
or resign, either of which would have been
justifiable, since his three of a kind was very
small. He decided to call on the theory that
F was possibly buffing, and there was \$6.75
in the pot. His further venture of 50 cents
was therefore good play, though it lost, and
the only made at ea after the draw no bettor, excepting the player who has the last say, can know whether the venture to protect his chance for the pot. This privilege of the last say is always liable to

be transferred from one player to another by a raise. Before the draw, and on the first round of bets after the draw, provided no one raises, it belongs to the age, or to the player on the dealer's left, an arbitrary arrangement necessary in order to preserve the due order of betting. but though the age never passes according to the rules, its value disappears the moment true, therefore, that the final say can only be the others, excepting the man who raised. fore, who can know whether his bet is the final must see the raise under compulsion. Obviously ment in answering this grand question whenever know that he cannot lose, but he cannot know flush out against him.

be laid down by which a man can determine positively whether any bet will win. If it were possible to do this, poker would no longer be a game of chance, or, in fact, a game in any sense of the word. It is entirely possible, however, to analyze the playing of a few sample hands, and form an opinion of the judgment shown by each player, thus arriving at certain general rules of value in actual play.

For example, the following hands were held

last week by a party of seven, and the way they were played was not only interesting, but instructive. Before the draw, A. who held the age. had two pairs, aces and tens. B held a pair seven, four and three; D queen high, E three fours. Fa pair of sixes and G a pair of jacks.

B came in, holding his queens to be well worth a bet considering the possibilities of the draw. C also came in. Had he held the age, no raise being made before it came to him, he would have raised on the theory that he had nine chances in forty-seven of making a tolerably strong hand, and, moreover, that the raise would thereby decreasing the chances of his flush being beaten in case he should get it. Sitting where he did, however, he considered the be fairly good, and his possible hand strong enough to play against any single raise, even with all seven players in. This theory of play would not be followed, however, by all good players. It would be equally defensible for him to have raised it since some of the five players yet to hear from would be likely to drop out if he raised, and the flush he would hold, even by filling, would hardly be strong enough for him to desire too much competition. The play would be sound eit er way.

D having no pair and no prospect of a straight or a flush, passed out, as any player of even moderate caution would do. E raised it the limit, which was 50 cents, entirely for the purpose of driving the others out. His hand before the draw was undoubtedly strong but the chance of its beling beaten in the draw, if all should stay in, was fully equal to his chance of

purpose of driving the others out. His hand before the drive was a formally strong the stream, which he could ont to be share or the terror which he could ont to be share of the stream, which he could ont to be share of the stream, which he could ont to be share of the stream, which he could ont to be share of the stream o

is occasionally made, the odds against a devery heavy.

F. however, in paying for the chance of getting it, made two bets, in neither of which did he get odds approximating to those against him in the draw. The first time he put up 75 cents against \$1.35 that was in the pot, thus getting less than two to one. The second time he put up 50 cents against \$2.5 in the pot, getting seventeen to two. Even the latter was wholly out of proportion to the odds of the draw, and the man who continues to play in this fashion will eventually go broke, despite the occasional winning of a pot in the manner described.

The foregoing deal, though it had a whors fortuitous outcome, was by no means to be classed as a phenomenal one. It was hardly unusual enough to excite more than a passing remark, and has been described in detail here merely for the purpose of analyzing the play and showing how correct poker is always liable to be beaten by a fluke. A deal that occurred in the same sitting only a few minutes later, however, was remarkable enough to warrant description for the sake of showing how good play will win against good cards.

The deal was again with G, giving A the age. The ante was the same. A having put the seven eight, nine and ten of diamonds; B three sixes. C kings and nines. D a pair of aces, E ten high. F a pair of jacks and G the queen, nine, seven and six of hearts. B put up his quarter. C came in. D followed. E passed, F came in and G did likewise. A having a chance for a straight flush a flush or a straight, raised it the limit. B. C. D and G stayed, F dropping out.

The play thus far was above criticism. G might have raised on the strength of his fourthold, as A was the only remaining player to hear from, but the wisdom of such a raise sopen to dispute, and no criticism is due. A, on the other hand, had only a four-flush, as A was the only remaining player to hear from, but the wisdom of such a raise was unquestionably good play. F had a fair chance only and was justified in passing, while the others were equally justified in staying.

In the draw A caught the jack of clubs, making a straight, jack high. B and C failed to better, D got a third ace and G drew a spade. B bet the limit, C stayed, D raised, making it a dollar to play, and G passed. A raised again.

This play raises a question. Only three players were left in, and A had drawn only one card, while B had drawn two. D had no fear of B shoe his own three would beat those to which B had probably draws, and as threes are almost the lardest hand to better in the draw, and as three sare almost the lardest hand to better in the draw, and as three sare al

a kind. It was not a promising chance, but D decided to risk a dollar on it against the \$10.50,

THE CANADA THISTLE

Weed Which Neither Law Nor Farmer

Of all the weeds hated and denounced by he farmer the worst hated and the most denounced is the Canada thistle. Carduus arrensis, familiar along country roadsides in thick patches, and in vacant lots in cities where springs up without apparent cause, thrives without encouragement, and perseveres against any but the most determined and unrelenting efforts to root it out. In the city its presence not important, but to the farmer it is serious matter, for its dense patches amother all other forms of vegetation and

s one of the hughears of country boyhood.

In a recent circular the Division of Botany

ture treats of the Canada thistle historically. scientifically and practically throughout it roublesome career. It appears in this pamphlet that the thistle may be found to be a mater of concern to persons who have never been in the slightest degree interested in it and this through the process of the law. It will doubtless be a matter of great surprise to the suburbanite to learn that though he may let the prickly plant flourish upon its propagating material abroad, the majesty fewer than twenty-four States proscribe scribe penalties for permitting the weed to produce seeds. In Illinois the law directs hat the plant itself shall be killed and in the ivilized portions of that State the law is strictly enforced and with excellent results, but in the wilds of Chicago, the circular states, thousand of acres of vacant lots are choked with this thistles and no attention is paid

but in the wilds of Chicago, the circular states, thousand of acres of vacant lots are choked with this thistles and no attention is paid either to the plants or to the law.

The Canada thistle can't prove its arrival in the Mayflower, but it is a pretty old American nevertheless, Early botanists held that it was indigenous in western Canada, but the best scientific opinion at present holds that it was probably never indigenous on this continent, but was introduced into the French settlements in Canada early in the seventeenth century. To this State it was probably left as a legacy of the Revolutionary War, having been brought here dried, but still potent for mischief, in the hay which Gen. Burgoyne brought over with his horse in 1777. It started business at once, but did not spread so fast in this State as in Vermont, where it was recognized as troublesome shortly after the close of the war, and in 1795 had assumed so threatening an aspect that a law was passed directing its destruction on all lands within the State.

Eighteen years later New York began to legislate against the thistle by authorizing towns to pay a reward for its destruction, and with the spread of the plant

its destruction on all lands within the State.

Eighteen years later New York began to legislate against the thistle by authorizing towns to pay a reward for its destruction, and with the spread of the plant spread restrictive and destructive legislation, or legislation intended to be restrictive and destructive legislation, or legislation intended to be restrictive and destructive, until wherever the thistle was laws against it strang up and bloomed in the legislative records, in almost all cases without appreciable effect. At present the weed holds sway from Maine to Virginia and westward to North Dakota and Kansas, and on the Pacific coast from Washington to northern California. From the Mississippi to the Rockies it is not luxuriant enough to be troublesome and the Southern States are practically free from it and likely to remain so, as it does not thrive in that region.

There is danger of its introduction into the northern prairie States and the Rocky Mountain region, as the climate and agricultural conditions are suitable for its growth and it is now abundant and troublesome in Manitoba and along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad from Winnepeg to the coast.

The great hindrances in the way of eradicating the Canada thistle when it has once got a start are its hardiness and the pertinacity of the travelling roots. These run along underground sometimes at a depth of three feet and thrust forth shoots into the upper air with the greatest vigor, when the plant itself has been destroyed. As showing the vitality and power of these shoots a case in Washington is cited where, in vacant lots, the thistle had been cut down and, as was supposed, rooted out and the places where it grew were covered over with soil from excavations, packed hard by the passage of many carts, so, that the running roots must have been at least a vard beneath the surface. Nevertheless, its shoots penetrated this soil and started new patches of the plant.

Various methods of eradication are advocated by different authorities, but a

mant for as long as three years in porous soil and oop out as live and ready for damage as ever when the straw or tan bark is removed. The natural enemies of the plant are few and comparatively ineffective. There is a fungus growth which does some destruction, and the beautiful little yellow bird seen swaying on the thistle downs in the summer months eats the seed with avidity and thus checks the growth of the pest.

Other thistles mistaken for the Canada variety are the common buil thistle, the bird'snest thistle, the milk thistle and the curled thistle, but none of these is so hardy or so rapid in spreading as the Canada thistle and their presence is not of great account. Lyster H. Dewey, who has compiled the report on the Canada thistle, advocates the carrying out of the Canada thistle and advises that restrictive legislation be passed in the States of the Rocky Mountain region and the Great Basin where there is danger of its becoming established.

### JAPANESE WEDDING STAMPS. Poetical Designs to Commemorate the Recon

Imperial Marriage. The new stamps issued in Japan in commemoration of the wedding of the Crown Prince are now reaching this country. The principal decoration of these stamps needs a Jap-anesse explanation before it can be comprehended, and even then a great deal has to be taken on faith, since to most people the legend surrounding the design looks like so

much cordwood. In the oval frame is pictured a low table spread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solomnized. The table is despread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solomnized. The table is decorated with bamboo stalks and plum twigs and blossoms, and at each corner rises a spray of pine. The pine and the bamboo being evergreens represent that in which there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; the plum on the other hand stands for that which buds, blossoms and fruits for the good of man. The decorations of the paper table cover are the crane and the tortoise; of these the bird is symbolic of 1,000 years and the turtle of 10,000 years. Here sit the bride and bridegroom and pass each other cups of saki to the number of nins, and so they are married, for the nine drinks together symbolize the perfect Japanese marriage.

This in Japan is the emblem of wedlock, and for that reason it has been reproduced in the commemorative stamp issue on the wedding of the Crown Prince. At just such a table sat be and his bride, and the stalks of bamboo and sprays of pine and the blooms of the plum all joined in wishing them both all health, wealth and happiness without changing; and the crane and the turtle fixed a sort of generous time limit to all the good wishes by suggesting that it might possibly come to an end five or ten thousand years hence.

That is the way the Japanese set forth the meaning of the picture on the new stamp and for confirmation they point to the legend, which they stoully aver is a statement of the name of the prince and the princess and the date when they sipped the nine cups of saki.

From the Washington Evening Star. "Talking about the queer ways of some people have of sizing up a man's capabilities for a job," said a resident of Paterson, N. J., the other day, "there recently died in my town a boss carpenter named Hebart, who had one question which he always asked of fourneymen who applied to him for employment. If the applicant was found to possess all the necessary qualifications fiebart would ask

"What are your favorite tunes?"
"What are your favorite tunes?"
"Why, what do you want to know that for?"
"You whistle and sing some at your wor

"Oh, yes." "Well, what tunes do you generally whistle "Oh, there's 'Old Hundred' and 'Auld Lang the' and 'Down by the Weeping Willows,' "Oh, there's 'Old Hundred' and 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Down by the Weeping Willows, and "That's enough!" the boss carpenter would exclaim. "You wont do for me. These tunes are too slow for me. Good day."

On the contrary, if the applicant answered, "Oh, I generally whistle 'Yankee Doodle," or 'The Fisher's Hornpipe,' or something of that sort, the carpenter would say at once:
"I think you'll do! Take off your coat if you want to and go to work."

There Is No Disputing the desirable associations formed through sing the advertising columns of THE SUN. A reader of THE SUN may be relied upon as an Independent American dilumn.—Ada

CHIN TAN SUN'S MILLIONS

BELIEVED TO BE THE RICHEST MAN OF HIS BACE IN AMERICA

Began Earning Money as a Cook -- Mar-

ried a White Girl and Started a Lottery A Price on His Head by the Sam Yapa From the Denver Times. SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.- The most remark-able millionaire in California is a Chinaman,

His name is Chin Tan Sun, and he is the riches Chinaman in America. Millionaires are not necessarily interesting. But here is a novelty in the six-ciphered class, Where else on American soil may be found millionaire with a queue, who thinks nothing at all of owning whole towns; who employe hundreds of white men and women in his factories and canneries; who pays taxes on ranches city real estate, gold mines and diamonds, who runs lottery games; upsets a city charter when

tong: conducts a real estate business in Hong Kong and several merchandise stores in San Francisco, and is a genuine Monte Cristo in his business methods?

Chin Tan Sun does all these things and more. He is a self-made man. He is wider awake when he is asleep than many of the persona with whom he comes in contact during business hours. Some thirty years ago a long-legged had from the Orient came across the sear to this coast in the steerage of a steamer. He had first opened his almond eyes in the province of Sun Ning, a farming district. Farmers in China do not live on the land they cultivate. Space is too precious. They bunch their families into compact little houses separated by alleys, and go daily forth to their tilling of the soil. In California, where ranches cover thousands of acres, a farmer turns a colt to pasture in a ten-acre lot. In China a man who owns ten acres is considered wealthy. The boy farmer had heard fabulous tales of the New World. They lured him from the raising of vegetables. He left his ancestral home and travelled to Ogden, Utah. There he went to work in somebody's kitchen as a cook.

But Chin Tan Sun, amid his new surroundings, thought of other things than bread making and stove polishing and dish washing. He dreamed of wealth and power, though none would have guessed that he was other than an excellent household machine, content to go no further afield than the slip-slip sandaied feet on a kitchen floor would carry him, urtil he could save enough from his wages to insure the sending of his bones back to China should he die in the land of the white devils.

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A girl of Scandinavian parentage, good looking and industrious, was employed as domestic
in a neighboring family. Chin Tan Sun ceurted
and married her. They came to San Francisco
and commenced housekeeping on Jackson
street in Chinatown with the dollars that had
been earned in the Oaden kitchen. Chin Tan
Sun, keenly on the alert for an opportunity
to begin the amassing of a fortune, conceived a
clever idea. This idea was the originating of
the "little lottery" scheme. There were at this
time fifteen Chinese lotteries running in chinatown. Each conducted two drawings daily,
Chin put his idea into immediate practice,
and brilliant success followed. He opened
what he called the American Lottery Company,
selling tickets with numbers duplicating those
of the fifteen gambling concerns. He sought
American patronage and white people began
to play the Chinese lottery. He paid with instant promptness all winning claims, and in a
year became a comparatively rich man.

Chin Tan Sun developed marvellous business
sagacity. He bought a small interest in numerous stores. He learned to speak English
fluently. His dealings were invariably on a
cash basis, no matter how large the sum involved. He opened up a dozen gambling houses
in Oakland, whose show windows displayed
fans and punk sticks and bazaar articles in general as a "blind" to conceal the unlawful operations in the locked rooms back of them. He
kept the police busy raiding his gambling ionis
and himself busy lugging coin into court with
which to deposit cash bail for his employees
who had been gathered in by the blue-coated
arm of the law. Fines he paid with stoical indifference.

One day an Oakland Judge imposed a fine
ten times the usual amount in his determination
to teach Chin a lesson. Then Chin showed fight,
Through his attorney he had the nunnicipal
records searched and the result turned Oakland
upside down, for, to

of a trio at the touch of whose yellow fingers the fortunes of their countrymen were moulded, made and unmade. These three were Big Jim, Little Pete and Chan Chung. "Big Jim was known the name by which Chin Tan Sunwas known throughout San Francisco. The long-legged lad from the Orient had grown into some six feet of very good looking, smooth shaven Chinaman, better proportioned than the majority of the Chinese. In business matters he was regarded as the soul of honor. Said a man who knew him well: "If Big Jim were to tell me that he would meet me at a certain place within the hour to pay me \$10,000 in coin I would know that he would be there if he were alive."

When Big Jim was starting one of his fruit canneries he went downtown and negotiated with a white firm for \$15,000 in materials. Then he gave directions for the supplies to be shipped at once.

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when Big Jim was starting one of his fruit canneries he went downtown and negotiated with a white firm for \$15,000 in materials. Then he gave directions for the supplies to be shipped at once.

"What security have you to offer?" asked the white merchant.

Big Jim drew himself up with scorn.

"I have no security to offer," he replied, "I have money. I want credit of no man." From his pocket he drew a wallet, out of which he counted the \$15,000 in gold notes and the trifling incident of purchase was closed.

Big Jim Town, a Chinese settlement near San Jose, was at one time owned by Chin. He also has ranches scattered over the State and contemplates starting a steamship line along the Chinese coast. His wealth is declared to reach the multi-millionaire mark. A rich Chinaman lives his allotted time. His sons inherit his wealth and they do not abuse the trust. Obeying the commands of Confucius, they must pay all and any debts contracted by the father. But the father is not liable for debts incurred by his sons. A rich Chinaman attends banquets, where he drinks samshu and eats birds nests, sharks fins, seaweed and other impossible delicacies dear to the Chinese palate. He sitends the continuous performance theatres. He employs several valets to care for his ward-robe, which is magnificent. Sometimes he is so fastidious that he has three sets of coats and trousers embroidered in the same flower-rich display of buds for morning, blossoms for the afternoon and full-blown flowers for evening. Incidentally, he acquires a harem. Such are the opportunities improved by Chin Tan Sunnot excepting the harem.

And what of the white wife? She is the white wife still. She is living in Chinatown is her own establishment, provided with money and servants in plenty. But she has never borne any children by her husband. The calamity is paramount to all others in Chinese eyes. Confucius has established a law that each family must have sons to perpetuate its name. So a wife whose which we see you have a supperfed for the recording provid

## From the Baltimore American.

WESTMINSTER, Md., June 12 .- A singular but well authenticated snake story comes from Pleasant Valley, about five miles from this

Pleasant Valley, about five miles from this city, the principal actors in which were the snake and Miss Cora Legore, a domestic employed by Frederick G. Yingling a well-known farmer residing near that place.

Miss Legore went to the barn to milk the cows as was her customary duty. She did not return as promptly as usual and, becoming the easy after a time, Mrs. Yingling sent some one to the barn to look for her. She was found lying in a dead faint in a cow stall, and upon being in a dead faint in a cow stall, and upon being revived appeared dazed and frightened. Finally she became sufficiently composed to tell the cause of her unconsciousness. She said that while milking she felt something moving about her clothing, but supposed it was a cat, until she felt a constriction about her waist, and found herself looking into the eyes of a snake which had wrapped itself about her, and reared its head in front of her face. She was too much frightened to notice what sort of a sexpent was thus confronting her, but, striking at it with her hand, fainted away. When she was found to the snake had disappeared.